IT'S HARD WITH ONLY A BATON TO KEEP HOSTILE MUSICIANS QUIE



By EARL N. FINDLEY.

HERE are; to be exact, thirteen national ities represented in the Symphony Society of New York, conducted, as every schoolboy knows, by Walter Damrosch. the Hank Gowdy of the baton.

Only nine, as we go sorrowfully to press, of the nations so represented are at war. This leaves in the orchestra reservists of four other countries, which, of course, may be expected to go to war any time now for lack of a suitable apology to submit to The Hague and Andrew Car negie for failing to make it unanimous

But with merely nine nations fighting the posibilities for dissonance under Damrosch auspices are good. They are, in fact, as nearly perfect as one could hope to find in a world being shot to pieces by dum-dum bullets and mysterious explosives which put an artistic finish to anything from a cathedral to a child.

Mr. Damrosch realizes this. He has instructed his musicians to stop trying to discover who started it and play the fiddle. He indicated that a stop allegro was the sort of stop he desired.

This is a technical term. As there are many people who do not care for music and yet may possess many traits that in themselves are es timable, it is, perhaps, as well to explain that Mr. Damrosch requested his thirteen varieties to put the particular kind of stop to war talk that would assure all cities in his itinerary that war talk had been stopped.

THE HERBERT SPENCER DEFINITION OF MUSIC.

Herbert Spencer was not so much artist as accientist, and it was as scientist, interested in going to the root of everything and reducing it two-times-two-equals-the-well-known-number, that he expressed himself on the subject of music

"Music is a language of feelings which may ultimately enable men vividly and completely to impress on each other the emotions they experience from moment to moment."

In imagination he saw himself in Pittsburgh, where, as is true of every city on his circuit, he is very much beloved, with the stage all set for , an evening of eloquent and capable harmony.

He pictured himself advancing to the footlights amid the muffled applause of well bred people whose hands are incased in white kid.

it takes millionaires to wear white kid in Pitts burgh, but that does not keep an audience in Pittsburgh from wearing white kid. As long as the Allies need barbed wire in 125,000-mile lots, as at present, people in Pittsburgh who can sign their names will not shy at the dotted line un der seven figures, and the others will make a

DAMROSCH BEATS THE AIR AND THE ORCHESTRA'S OFF.

ing the lily white little finger of his left hand.

orchestration. They're off on a muddy track. They are no sooner off than Mr. Damrosch points his baton at the great big German who

by the German. Only a moment before he was in the midst of a masterly argument with a

As soon as the baton removes the embargo the German begins, in the language of Spencer, viv idly and completely to impress on said Frenchman and all representatives of the Allies present

When a sea lion at the Bronx Zoo sees a sign, intended only for the information of the public, that he is fed each day at 2:15 p. m., he advertises the fact that he can read by beginning to ask in haunting tones for his food daily at 1:45

HEAT OF BATTLE DEFIES ZERO WEATHER THE expression, 'The heat of battle,' new coming so frequently from Europe, is no mere figure of speech. no mere rhetorical metaphor of the posts to express that state of intense nervous and mental excitement that comes over the soldier at the moment he joins combat with the enemy," said a veteran trooper of the Southern Confederacy, whose squadron spent years in the parlous days of the early 60's in raiding the federal lines through Northern Virginia. "It is an actual physical heat that seems to seize upon him at that moment, no matter how cold the weather, and he pants and sweats like a runner in a midsummer Marathon.

"I recall a striking experience I, together with some hundred of my comrades, had with this same heat of battle in 1864. Our commander had got orders to surprise and attack by night the federal camp that lay on Loudon Heights, in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, and on the afternoon of January 6 about three hundred of us assembled at Upperville, in Northern Virginia, about thirty miles from our intended point of attack.

"It was the coldest weather that country had bnown within the memory of the oldest inhabiant. The mercury was several degrees below zero: in addition, there was a crusted snow on the ground and a strong wind blew from the northwest, the direction of our road. We were all veterans, however, hardened by more than two years of constant service in the saddle, and besides we were all well and warmly clothed, for our position brought many federal wagon trains into our net. And so, about 4 o'clock that afternoon, we started gayly forth, singing as we rode and well wrapped up against the cold.

"After a few miles, however, the singing ceased; men began to beat their arms against their sides

Lang our feet out of the stirrups so that the blood would run down into our frozen legs; occasionally the whole command would get down and trudge for a mile through the frozen snow to keep from freezing. That thirty miles, the coldest ride we had ever known, scemed an age long.

"At length, about 2 o'clock in the morning we drew near to the federal camp. As our leader ranged us in line for the charge, about a hundred yards from the enemy's pickets, we had to lift up our legs to put our feet back in the stirrups, so utterly benumbed were they; and when we came to draw our Colt's navy-six revolvers-for we had no use for the clums, and almost harmless sabre-we found that we could not cock them with our fingers. So we held the weapons clasped between our wrists and cocked them with our teeth for a first volley. Suddenly the word 'Charge!' was given, and with a yell we swept down upon the sleeping camp.

"The whole fight we over in less than two minutes, for the enemy, taken wholly by surprise, could not rally to make any organized resistance, but fled from their tents to the protection of the town, about a mile away. When I came to myself I was sitting on my horse, with one leg thrown over the pummel of my saddle. My overcoat was flung wide open, my jacket beneath was also thrown wide, the flannel shirt beneath that was unbuttoned and I had bared my naked breast, down which the sweat was pouring, to the cooling breezes of that arctic night! Moreover, I was fanning my damp brow with my hat, held in my naked hand. In short, I was almost overcome with the heat, and, all around me, my comrades were in just the same condition. And two minutes before we had all been too frozen to cock a pistol or lift a foot in a stirrup! That evidences something of the real heat of battle."

The big German is not a bit hungry, like a sea ion, but he disguises it.

In an orchestra, even if it is only of threepiece dimension, the leader is the Kaiser; he is

Stallings; he is the maitre d'hôtel.

one friend of another.

"Ch she's all right," was the reply.

The leader is like that.

In imagination again-Mr. Damrosch is long on imagination-he could see himself, still in Pittsburgh on that eventful night, pointing, as was his invariable custom, next at the French-

The particular Frenchman pointed at is suppozed to reproduce the robin's song in the spring and the sound of the summer wind rippling brough ripened wheat-things he always did potently before any German tried to tell him who

It is different now. The Frenchman shakes oot from the rafters by blowing on the shiny little thing with thirty-six keys, each key making a noise like stepping on a cat on a hard pave-

MAIN INDIFFERENT. Mr. Damrosch could not be blithely indiffer The Gotham Weekly Gazette

audience could listen to the blowing of tronia by a quartet of Tootonic trembunists in negic Hall, when the leader was interpreting composer's conception of dawn tinting you It would be hard enough on Mr. Damrosch

sonally for something like this to occur. It was

The etheres! hues having to do with s me representation of dawn gilding San Juan

Thirteen different nationalities in the order to maintain arguments on the matter of started it, by means of their various instrument with which there seems to he no reason to be they are more effective debaters than by with mouth, would mean that gradually these see

EXTRAORDINARY INTIMACY BETWEEN

The most refined audience would utterate According to the state of feeling which yes in, says Mr. Krehbiel, a cry has pitch, qualitimbre, the singing teachers call it—and draft

It was the recognition of this extraordisartimacy between the voice and the emotions

were born, they were all Americans. It is bad enough for music to kill a bull st done in Pennsylvania a short time age. The lage of Strinesville has a new brass bank band played its first piece the other day,

A bull belonging to Farmer Stauffer varies ing contentedly in the pasture, when the basis Strinesville has a limit.

burst of tune. The band, in short, began to play. The ball

separated him from the musicians. The band threw its soul once more is

horns and again the bull made at the stees This time the bull was successful, in that he over, but he came down on his head. The neck was broken. He was dead.

Human life is the most valuable thing the lif Mr. Damrosch can control his thirteen and varieties he will be supported by the life of the varieties he will be doing much to preserve

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VOL.

Critics tell us there is such a thing as muddy

plays the 'cello. The privilege of utterance is thus achieved

Frenchman, who plays a shiny little thing, as to

the emotions he experiences from moment to mo-

"GENIAL GLITTERING & GORGEOUS"

TRANKLIN P. ADAMS, Editor Advertising rate 2 an agate line Publication office, 154 Naffau St., Gelham.

'Motto."Heve to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

"CHIN-CHIN" A GREAT HIT

New Musical Show at the Globe Best Thing Seen This Season.

The Globe Theater last Tuesday evening was the scene of a gala gathering the like of which in the pernot observed in this town except at the first night premiere opening of the opera season. Hundreds of Opera of Above Title Is fair women, such as our town is replete in, and brave men were among those present to see the new play, "Chin-Chin," in of the piece now being which David Montgomery and Fred Stone are appear-

ing in this season. While the crowd resembled, as has been said, an opera audience, it differed from it in one important particular, which was at this play everybody was having a fine time and enjoying theirself to the limit, which you cannot say about an entire opera audience, there always being priests and little boys in some among it who are bored by same.

We have seen Montgomery and Stone ever since and New Year's Eve. they did a song-and dance fair and we assert without fear of successful contradiction that this is the best

funny and, what is more,

Managers who blame the public for the poor stuff that generally appears in musical shows ought to take warning by the kind of shows that these actors appear in. Their shows are always bright and never anything in them to bring a blush to anybody's cheek, which is generally wrinkled

up by healthy laughter. We recommend this show without any reserve, and if we could afford it we would say we will give back their

sonnel of the audience is "THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA."

Rendered by Century Op. House Co.

BY SIG.

When we read the title played at the Cent'ry Op'ra H'se, "The Jewels of the Madonna," we thought right away it must be some up lifting religious selection. Hke "The Palms" or "The Rosary," but, as they say in French, "Oh, contrair," in other words, not at all. They may call it religion in Italy to have a brass band and fireworks and throwing confetti all mixed in with pink tights for angels, but to us it looked more like the horrors of Election Night

This opera gets along act at the Ferris Wheel in with less music than any Chicago after the World's we have ever heard, and even then they save up the best tunes and play them between the acts. What thing they ever did, which are we coming to? is what is no faint praise, because Mr. Rossini, the w. k. comwe think they are always poser of the overture to

said with truth.

We do not hardly dare to tell the plot of this opera. having already blushed pretty freely for us, but the English language in which it is sung makes it as plain as the most easily shocked could wish for. It seems a shame for peo-

ple to waste their time singing when they can act as realistic as Miss Ewell and Mr. Bergman and Mr. We know of a good melodrama that a friend of ours has written money to anybody who that we think almost any goes and don't like the of them would be good enough to take part in. We specially liked the

way Mr. Kreidler kissed Maliella with good hard smacks that you could hear all over the house, that always having struck us as one of the advantages of being an actor. But otherwise we don't approve of these murderous Camorrists at all.

Next wk's show is "La Boheme" and they say it has lots of parts that you can whistle.

NEW ROCHELLE NUBBINS

Geo. Kerr of Gotham over-Sundayed in town, guest of E. E. Paul our popular School Boarder & wife, Geo, is looking quite pert.

Montgomery Glass, said to be a rising young author of promise connected with a Phila. (Pa.) paper has moved into the Grizzly Adams the notorious minstrel and gen. cut-up's house in Beechmont. We are glad to welcome Mr. Glass to our midst.

Doc Conde Pallen has been having his face in the local papers again. No matter what happens, or what the weather is like & wars may rage they put Conde in the paper. This is not like THE GAZETTE When you get in THE GA-ZETTE its because you done important. ESMERALDA.

LOCAL NEWS

sojourning a few days in ton is in town rehearsing our busy midst. THE GAZETTE does all which opens in time to

Fred Letson has moved to another apartment with his Jones are in our busy midst

er, is doing quite a bus. English playwright. Fred Cooper, the genial

cousin and George's sister is spending the day with

ton and Herb Swope.

The dose Century Opera pieces in THE GAZETTE and I don't want to say anything against them, be-sides how could I when I haven't read any of them yet? Only you got to remember, Mr. Adams, they is a lot of people don't know anything about opera and don't care either and they would like to see some regular theatre criticisms in the paper once in a wille or we. It is a great pleasure to be a resident of this city at most times, but on days like Wednesday and Tuesday of this week it is pretty near an ecstasy.

Old Irv Cobb sailed from

her part in Channing Pol-

lock and Ren Wolf's play

Hank Gowdy and Hank

at this writing. Both are

connected with the drama,

Stanley McGraw, Earl

Babst, Allen Broomhall and

templating to go to Boston

next Friday to see the Har-

yards play ft. ball against

the Michigans which latter

Jesse Wms. of Princeton

has decided to spend the

winter in Gotham. Jesse

happened to an accident up

in Maine this summer while

he was trying to start the

ALL RIGHT. COVER "UNDER COVER" MONDAY NIGHT.

Editor Adams, G. W. G.: Mr. Adams, I don't know who is writ

For to-day and to-mor- what he has to say about row; Cloudy with showers, the war over there, Miss Rose Stahl of Tren-Eddie Cobb of Chgo is

sorts of job printing. Let have a review of in next week's GAZETTE. us do yours .- Adv.

Julio Steinacher the w. k. the former as an actor, the life ins, ag't and tennisplay- latter being a well-known

artist, was a pleasant caller Rob Mountsier are all con-Monday eve. Come again, Coop, say we. Miss Amy Plank Eddie's they are all alma maters of.

Mrs. F. P. Adams. John J. Evers, Troy's best known product, was dinnered by all the citizens of that town Monday evening.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton motor boat for his son has accepted a job writing Henry hurting his right pieces for the Pulitzer boys, hand quite a good deal. the same as Brock Pember-

Tuesday was Apple Day, and we saw Joe Appel on the street the same day, showing what a small world it really is, like the poet

Europe yesterday and will ADVERTISEMENTS be home next week. We WERRENRATH RECITAL,

Judging by the expression on the face of a Frenchman, the shiny little thing is a tre ine pretative medium in showing not only in the German, but all other Germans, and all belle and non-combatants, vividly and combin to emotions the Frenchman experiences has a

POSSIBILITIES TO WHICH ONE CANNOT I

to such possibilities. No more than a stif-asi tain peak somewhere, and remain stiff-necked

stir up his emotional nature. But it would still more important, perhaps, inasmuch as a ers have to live, not to stir up the emotional ures of the audience in Pittsburgh and west. Having their hair, without warning, W out by the roots by trombonists whose milital takes precedence over their desire to some rest of the band by keeping still, would be po sure to do this.

even, much less a mountain peak, are toop ualized, too delicately colored, to require of the bones anything more than that they keep ? sistently quiet.

entertainments might be taken in hand by

VOICE AND EMOTIONS.

intensity. Such a cry would at least per

brought music all the world over into the seof religion. The ministrations that religion offer would be in great demand after as such as it seems reasonable to suppose Mr. Is rosch had in mind when he instructed his a cians to remember that, no matter when

outside the town limits to da so. There say much discretion as consideration in the

rived and ventured at a nearby spot into its so

mediately rushed wildly toward a stone spile

BOTH HAPPY. "Why is that man laughing?"

"Because he bought a horse cheaply." "And what's the other one chuckling "He sold the horse."-Tit-Bits.